A whining mammet in her fortunes tender,
To answer, Ile not wed, I cannot love;
I am too young, I pray you pardon me.
But and you will not wed Ile pardon you,
Graze where you will, you shall not house with me;
Looke too't, thinke on't, I doe not use to jest,
Thursday is neere, lay hand on heart, advise,
And you be mine, Ile give you to my friend;
And you be not, hang, beg, starve, dye in the streets;
For by my soule Ile ne're acknowledge thee,
Nor what is mine shall ever doe thee good.
Trust too't, bethinke you, Ile not be forsworne. *Exit.*

Jul. Is there no pitty sitting in the cloudes,
That sees into the bottome of my griefe?
O sweet my mother cast me not away,
Delay this marriage for a moneth, a weeke;
Or if you doe not, make the Bridall bed
In that dim Monument where *Tibalt* lyes.

Mo. Talke not to me, for Ile not speake a word,
Doe as thou wilt, for I have done with thee. *Exit.*

Jul. O God, O Nurse, how shall this be prevented?
My husband is on earth, my faith in heaven,
How shall that faith returne againe to earth,
Unlesse that husband send it me from heaven,
By leaving earth? comfort me, counsell me.
Alacke, alacke, that heaven should practice stratagems
Upon so soft a subject as my selfe.
What saist thou? hast thou not a word of joy?
Some comfort Nurse.

Nur. Faith here it is. *Romeo* is banished, and all the world to nothing,
That he dares ne're come backe to challenge you:
Or if he doe, it needs must be by stealth:
Then since the case so stands as now it doth,
I thinke it best you married with the Countie.
O hee's a lovely Gentleman:
Romeo's a dish-clout to him: an Eagle Madam
Hath not so greene, so quick, so faire an eye

As

As *Paris* hath: beshrew my very heart,
I thinke you are happy in this second match,
For it excels your first; or if it did not,
Your first is dead, or 'twere as good he were,
As living here and you no use of him.

Jul. Speakest thou from thy heart?

Nur. And from my soule too, or else beshrew them both.

Jul. Amen.

Nur. What?

Jul. Well, thou hast comforted me marvellous much.
Goe in and tell my Lady I am gone,
Having displeas'd my father, to *Laurence* Cell,
To make confession, and to be absolv'd.

Nur. Marrie I will, and this is wisely done. *Exit.*

Jul. Ancient damnation, O most wicked fiend,
Is it more sinne to wish me thus forsworne,
Or to dispraise my Lord with that same tongue,
Which she hath prais'd him with above compare,
So many thousand times? Goe Counseller,
Thou and my bosome henceforth shall be twaine:
Ile to the Frier to know his remedy,
If all else faile, my selfe have power to dye. *Exit.*

Enter Frier and County Paris.

Fri. On Thursday sir! the time is very short.

Pa. My father *Capulet* will have it so,
And I am nothing slow to slacke his haste.

Fri. You say you do not know the Ladies minde,
Uneven is this course, I like it not.

Pa. Immoderately she weepes for *Tibalts* death,
And therefore have I little talkt of love:
For *Venus* smiles not in a house of teares.
Now sir her father counts it dangerous
That she doth give her sorrow so much sway,
And in his wisdome hastes our marriage,
To stop the inundation of her teares,
Which too much minded by her selfe alone,
May be put from her by society.

Now